

EDITORIALS

Opinions of Great Papers on Important Subjects.

Choose Your Life's Vocation Wisely.

HERE comes a time when every growing boy must face the question: What shall I do for a life work? It is an important question, one that must be faced squarely and answered wisely. And yet there are many who shrink and turn away, trying to avoid a direct answer, leaving the solution to what they hope will be a happy chance. Then there are sons who leave the solution entirely to their parents; and there are parents who leave it all to the sons. Each should consider the matter with diligence and frankness and come to a determination agreeable to both.

In considering the problem it will be well to remember several things. In the first place, all real success must be founded in the economic principle of becoming a producing member of the great industrial scheme. There is no room in the world for a drone. Everybody must produce something. The man who produces what is most needed and most wanted receives the largest rewards.

As a general rule it is wise to try to produce something of which the supply is scant. In any case, it is prudent to avoid those occupations in which there is already a surplus of the product. For instance, the world is not crying for lawyers, doctors, preachers or accountants. The so-called professions are overcrowded. There is a large surplus stock of legal advice on the market; also medical advice, and of bookkeeping. Consequently the rewards are diminishing. The kind of man that is most plentiful in the market is the one who knows no business in particular and wants something in which he can wear good clothes while at work. The man most in demand and least plentiful is the one who has had actual experience with some occupation which sells the hands and the clothes, and who, at the same time, has the capacity for planning and directing.

A railroad manager who has tamped the ties and built a trestle; a book publisher who has set type; a lumber dealer who has served as a lumber jack; a contractor who has "measured in" and "checked out"—in a word, the man most in demand and hardest to find is the one who has learned some line of business from the basement to the "front office." The men who want to learn a business from the top down are plentiful. This is a great industrial era. There are opportunities for all. Every ten or twenty years the great industrial army must be recruited anew. The time has passed when it was not "respectable" to be anything but a "professional man." Science and learning have become the handmaidens of the industrial arts. Today anything is honorable that is done well. Produce something—give something to the world, and the world will pour its blessing into your lap.—Chicago Journal.

Higher Education.

ANY parents must debate every year whether it is wise to give the years and the money required for the higher education; writers and business men start discussions from time to time whether the higher education is worth while—whether, in the language of the mart, "it pays;" and the supporters of the higher education are at pains, as in the case of the disquisitions by President Hadley, of Yale, on the subject, to justify the higher education and to try and convince the people that it actually does pay, if not in immediate dollars, yet in moral and intellectual awakening, health, breadth, fervor and power which finally inure to the growth, strength and beauty of the republic.

By higher education is meant not the training of a technical professional or industrial school or college. The man who is studying to be a physician must take the course in order to qualify himself for a diploma; the student at a law school is looking forward to admission to the bar and a license to practice; the electrician or mechanic is aiming to equip himself just as the young artisan is getting ready to ply his trade when he goes to an industrial school to learn the art of bricklaying, printing, carpentry or de-

signing of cotton cloth. There is, of course, in a physician's training some incidental broadening of the mental outlook to be derived from his studies, and so it is with the electrician and the lawyer, who must learn something of jurisprudence, constitutions, governmental institutions and history; but the higher education is essentially something which is not positively needed as a means of earning a living; it is a course in general culture, a study of the humanities, a broad, liberal pursuit of ideals, of great ideas, great movements, and, in a word, such instruction as is given in a university and college in addition to the training for a vocation.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Mobility of the Japanese.

IN the matter of mobility and in the faculty of doing the right thing at the right time, the Japs clearly outclass the Russians. Whenever the two armies come face to face there is an attempt at a flanking movement. Although the Russians know just what sort of trouble to expect, they are invariably beaten. Before their flanks can be placed for effective defense and properly reinforced, the nimble Japanese have secured the drop on them, and there is nothing to do but back down. Although Russian retreats are always reported to have been made in good order and with no loss of dignity, the correspondents who view the field after an engagement describe the movement as a rout. Troops which retreat in good order do not leave a trail of disabled artillery, blankets, guns and other marching accoutrements. When pursuit becomes hot and all other desires become secondary to the desire to get away, soldiers throw down their trappings and "skeddadle."

The Russian is a gross feeder and a hard drinker. He has tremendous strength and great endurance, but he lacks the mobility of the plucky Japanese, who is trained to the hour for his desperate work; who is able to take his rations on the march, without losing time, and keep up his jog trot movement for hours at a stretch, without a murmur of complaint. He is an interested soldier, who fights for patriotic reasons, and the Russian soldier is a mere machine in comparison.—Detroit Evening News.

Wasted Opportunities.

FROM Missoula, Mont., comes a story of train robbers tearing up the money they had stolen and scattering in the sand of the desert the diamonds they had taken from their victims. One is inclined to look at the procedure of these robbers from a humorous point of view, and think of the effort and energy they wasted. And yet it is an everyday occurrence. Day by day men are throwing away diamond-like opportunities. Throwing them away, hoping to escape the consequences of some foolish and willful action in the past. A young man enters a business house. Through sacrifice and economy his father and mother have succeeded in giving him a good commercial education. But in an evil moment he abstracts money from the safe or drawer. Though it may be long undiscovered, his sin will surely be found out, and gone forever is that opportunity for advancement and progress. He has thrown his opportunity into the sand. A young woman trained in a beautiful home along the lines of morality and virtue meets a smooth-tongued rascal, and presently gone forever is her opportunity for moving in the best of society. The young man, the young lady, might have been a credit to society. They might have been the honored father and mother of a son whose name might have become historic, but they threw away their diamonds for the sake of a so-called liberty, which is after all only license, and though with tears and bitter cries they search for them again, never shall they be found. When once the bluish is driven from the apricot or the peach, no chemistry can bring it back. When once opportunities have been thrown aside, they never return. Never again does the same opportunity come to a man's door. Don't throw away your diamonds.—Pittsburg Press.

es were remarkable. It is possible to assume an artificial expression and hold it for the brief second before a modern camera, but to remain motionless for the long time required for a daguerrotype, it was necessary that the features should be in repose in their natural position.

The daguerrotype was a positive, impossible to retouch. It was of a soft, flesh-like tone, which even to-day, in the specimens of the art preserved in collections and among family relics, wins admiration. The daguerrotype gave way to the cheaper ambrotype, which was on glass, and required a dark background to show it off; and this in turn was succeeded by the glass negative and the paper positive print. None of them has ever attained the delicacy or the softness of the daguerrotype, and the Frenchman's method, expensive and slow as it is, may win its way back into the popularity it had more than half a century ago.

TOBACCO IN GERMANY.

Over 7,000 Factories Which Employ About 200,000 Workmen.

The use of machinery of German, French and American designs is common in the better factories for all processes of tobacco and cigar manufacture where machinery has been found practicable. Inquiries made would indicate a desire on the part of the cigar and tobacco manufacturer to avail himself of labor-saving devices as far as possible. Ten trade journals devoted to tobacco are published in Germany and are extensively used for advertising machinery and other appliances used by the trade.

The feeling of hostility and alarm aroused by the introduction of American and British capital, especially in cigarette manufacture, in Germany has not wholly subsided. The multitude of small manufacturers in country villages and elsewhere—over 7,000 factories and 200,000 workers, of whom 160,000 are on cigars, is referred to by the press as the surest defense against any general consolidation of the tobacco business of the empire. This feature of German manufacturing is one sure to attract the notice of an American resident and undoubtedly is to be taken into account in any survey of manufacturing in the empire.

Portions of Baden and that part of Bavaria known as the Rhine Pfalz form one of the largest and by far the most important tobacco region of the empire. Baden itself leads all the German States in acreage planted in tobacco and in the importance of its cigar manufacture. Recently published statistics for the department of factory inspection for Baden show that the number of cigar factories in Baden was 720, giving employment to 33,720 workmen, or more than in any other branch of manufacturing in the grand duchy.—New York Tribune.

Potato Water for Silver.

Water in which potatoes have been boiled is very effective in keeping silver bright. It can be bottled for use, and if required to be kept a long time a tenth part of methylated spirits will do this.

A mother is always proud of her over-sized children until she takes them for a trip on a railroad train.

OLD FAVORITES

Mary of the Wild Moor.

One night when the wind it blew cold,
Blew bitter across the wild moor;
Young Mary she came with her child,
Wandering home to her own father's door;
Crying, "Father, O pray let me in;
Take pity on me, I implore,
Or the child at my bosom will die,
From the winds that blow 'cross the wild moor."

"Oh, why did I leave this fair cot,
Where once I was happy and free?
Doomed to roam without friends and forgot;
Oh, father, take pity on me!"
But her father was deaf to her cries,
Not a voice or a sound reached the door;
But the watchdogs did howl, and the winds
Blew bitter across the wild moor.

Oh, how must her father have felt
When he came to the door in the morn;
There he found Mary dead, and the child
Fondly clasped in its dead mother's arms.
While in frenzy he tore his gray hairs,
As on Mary he gazed at the door,
For that night she had perished and died,
From the winds that blew 'cross the wild moor.

The father in grief pined away,
The child to the grave was soon borne;
And no one lives there to this day,
For the cottage to ruin has gone.
The villagers point out the spot,
Where a willow droops over the door,
Saying: "There Mary perished and died,
From the winds that blew 'cross the wild moor."

I'm Saddest When I Sing.

You think I have a merry heart,
Because my songs are gay;
But oh! they all were taught to me
By friends now far away.
The bird retains its silver note,
Though bondage chains its wings;
His song is not a happy one;
I'm saddest when I sing.

I heard them first in that sweet house
I never more shall see;
And now each song of joy has got
A plaintive turn for me.
Alas, 'tis vain in winter time,
To tickle the songs of spring;
Each note recalls some withered leaf;
I'm saddest when I sing.

Of all the friends I used to love,
My harp remains alone,
Its faithful voice still seems to be
An echo of my own.
My tears, when I bend over it,
Will fall upon its strings;
Yet those who hear me little think
I'm saddest when I sing.
—Thomas Haynes Bayly.

MUST BE GOOD LISTENER.

Emotion Over Small Talk Necessary to Social Success.

"One of the first qualifications for a man or woman who aims at being a 'social success' is the ability to talk and listen to twaddle in such a way that the face shall express all the depths of pent up emotions, while the ears drink in the trivialities or the tongue echoes the gossip of scandal of the hour." This sentiment was uttered with much unction by a man of uncertain age, whose face and figure have for years been familiar in the clubs, in the ball rooms, and other places of social resort in Chicago. His hearer was a much younger man, whom by precept and by example he was trying to initiate into the mysteries of social life.

The two men were at a theater largely attended by the men and women who collectively constitute the mysterious entity, Chicago society, and they were watching a couple seated in one of the boxes. "Now watch the young man and woman closely," continued the mentor, "and tell me what you think they are talking about. You see, that they are both young, both handsome. I can tell you that they are both rich and of high social standing. If you don't know them yet you must make their acquaintance at once, for no one can be in society without knowing them. Their conversation seems to be interesting, doesn't it?"

"What are the words," continued the elder man, "of which that pretty picture is the accompaniment?"

"Is he telling her one of those fairy tales which all maids love to hear, of respectful admiration and changeless affections? Are those arched, sidelong little glances exclamation points by which the maiden signifies her delight at the picture which the young man's imagination has painted? I can tell you just what the subject is. You know that a scandalous story about two well known people began to circulate yesterday. That young man knows all about it, for he has excellent sources of information. His companion knows something about it and is anxious to know more. He is satisfying her curiosity, and they are both gloating over the charming little bit of scandal. But, my boy, they are both artists, and you must school yourself to play your part as well as they. The next time that you have occasion to tell a girl how many thousand dollars

same expressing grace in your glance and in your gestures that this young fellow brings into play. Then, as a reward for making a fool of yourself, the girl will perhaps reply, by one of those half smiles which you seem to admire so much."—Chicago Tribune.

HOW TO IRON A SHIRTWAIST.

This Way It Will Look as if Fresh from the Laundry Service.

Ironing a shirtwaist is always a more or less difficult job, but for the woman who knows how the process is greatly simplified.

In the first place, iron the collar on the wrong side, then on the right, until quite dry; smooth out the yoke (if there is one) and iron it on both sides.

Next attack the sleeves. Stretch out the cuff smoothly, laying a piece of cloth over it, and iron so that the cuff is partly dried. Then remove the cloth and iron the cuff on both sides. Slip the iron up inside the sleeve to dry the gathers and to smooth the hems at the opening. Then fold the upper part; then turn it over sleeves, as the starch may have made it stick together, and iron the shoulder portion from the wrong side. Next, lay the sleeve on the table and put the iron into the gathers, working from right to left, holding the wrist with the left hand.

Place the blouse on the table, with the neck at the left side, and begin to iron from the neck to the bust, running the flatiron well up into the gathers at the neck. Next take the back and the other front, smoothing out the gathers as you go along, gradually drawing the blouse toward you as it is finished. The hems and tabs and the binding around the armholes are ironed on the wrong side.

The sleeves are the most troublesome parts of the waist to manipulate and some persons get better results when a sleeve iron is used; but once the iron has been acquired with an ordinary iron the process is quicker. If there is a full down front of the shirtwaist should be ironed before the body part. The collar and cuffs, if desired, may be polished with a polishing iron, and when the little creases which come from handling are ironed out the waist is ready to be hung up to air.

After the shirtwaist is aired and dry, the folding process comes, and on this the whole success of the ironing depends. Pin the neckband together and plait the front so that it will be no wider than the back. Turn the waist over on a board and lay the sleeves down at the sides; then fold them upward so that the cuffs show above the neckband. Pin them to position. Now fold the sleeves back so that they meet in the center of the back and pin them there; next double the waist up in the back, just below the waistline. This folding process should be done without creasing, and your waists are ready for shirtwaist box or bureau drawer.—Philadelphia Record.

Mrs. Baxter's Wit.

"Talk about always having your wits about you!" began Mrs. Doull. "If you can find anybody to beat Lyddy Baxter, I'll board ye a week for nothing." The boarder preserved the silence of the modest and the inexperienced, but his look of interest was all the encouragement Mrs. Doull needed.

"Now take it this summer," she continued. "Long the early part of June she'n I went down to the chapel one night to evening meeting. We set in Lyddy's pew. 'Bout as soon's we got there young Thomas Luther showed a woman into the seat ahead, and Lyddy says to me, 'That's one of Almyr Burnham's boarders, and they say she's awful well-off!'"

"When the hymn was given out Lyddy see the woman hadn't a hymn-book, so she passed over one of hers, finding the place and all. 'Keep it right through,' says she. After meeting the woman turned round and passed it back to Lyddy.

"Thank you," says she, 'I'm going to be here several weeks, and I'd like to buy one o' them books!'"

"I guess you can have this one for the summer," says Lyddy, passing it right back, quick's a flash, 'if you'll give me a pair of gloves same's yours, only mebbe a shade lighter, and number seven!'"

Old Police Court.

The police court at St. Heller, the principal town of Jersey, is remarkable in several respects—first, the proceedings are always opened with prayer; second, it frequently happens that after prayers there is no more business and every one goes home. There is so little crime committed in the island that the police force of twenty men is kept up only for visitors.

Higgins Family Out of Luck.

"So you are going to keep that stray cat?" said Mr. Higgins.

"You know," said his wife reproachfully, "that a cat is lucky."

"Yes, that cat's lucky, but I don't believe we are."—Washington Star.

The very best a man can do is not, very much.

THE ART OF DAGUERRE.

Although the improvements in photography are made so rapidly nowadays that even the professional photographer can hardly keep track of them, there are many picture-makers, says the Century Magazine, who believe the world will turn back to the daguerrotype for its beautiful and most artistic portraits.

It is more than sixty years since the scientific world was aroused by the announcement that Daguerre, a Frenchman, had discovered a method of fixing the image made by the camera obscura. It was a crude method then. The first picture, of a tree standing in the sun, required half an hour or more of exposure. That was the same year in which Samuel F. B. Morse went to Europe to exhibit his new electric telegraph. The two inventors met by appointment in Paris and explained their work to each other.

Daguerre's plate was of pure silver. It was thoroughly cleaned and polished. In a dark room it was next coated with a film deposited by the vapor of iodine, and then exposed to the camera. Still protected from the light, it was placed over the fumes of hot mercury, which developed the image, and it was then made permanent with chloride of gold.

This process was soon improved, until on bright days the sitting for a daguerrotype was reduced to ten, sometimes to five, seconds. Even with this short exposure, however, the likeness